FROM THE PAGES OF 52 AND COUNTDOWN COMES...

BLACK ADAM

2
OF 6
NOV '07

TOMASI
MAHNKE
ALAMY

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A CAVE SOMEWHERE IN THE HIMALAYAS.

ISIS.

IS THIS A DREAM?

NO, MY LOVE.

THANK THE GODS IT IS NOT.

TETH.

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BLACK RADAM
THE DARK AGE

PETER J. TOMASI: STORY AND WORDS
DOUG MAHNKE: PENCILLER
CHRISTIAN ALAMY: INKER
NATHAN EYRING: COLORIST - NICK J. NAPOLITANO: LETTERER
HARVEY RICHARDS: ASSISTANT EDITOR - MICHAEL SIGLAIN: EDITOR
COVER BY DOUG MAHNKE

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HOW CAN I POSSIBLY BE HERE--WITH YOU--ALIVE?

PUT ASIDE YOUR QUESTIONS, DARLING. YOU ARE HERE, AND YOU ARE *ALIVE*.

ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT WE CAN HOLD EACH OTHER ONCE AGAIN.

I CAN STILL FEEL THE *VILE* BREATH OF *PESTILENCE* ACROSS MY FACE AS HE AND THE OTHER *HORSEMEN* DESTROYED OUR HOME--OUR LIVES--IN KAHNDAQ.

I *REMEMBER* DYING.

THE SKIN ON MY FACE BREAKING AND SPLITTING--BLOOD IN MY EYES CLOUDING MY VISION--BARELY ABLE TO SEE YOU...

SSSH.

NO WORRIES. *THAT* IS ALL BEHIND US NOW.

A LIFE OF HOPE AND LOVE AWAITS--

--US.

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YES. YOU'RE RIGHT, TETH.

YOUR LOVE HAS BROUGHT ME BACK FROM THE DARKNESS.

BACK TO THE WORLD OF WARMTH AND LIGHT.

I HAVE *FAILED* YOU AGAIN, MY LOVE.

FAILED? YOUR ARMS ARE AROUND ME, I CAN FEEL--

SOMETHING IS WRONG--

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I *PROMISE* I WILL NOT FAIL YOU AGAIN.

I WILL TAKE IT AWAY, MY LOVE.

THE PAIN--SO COLD--TETH -- ALL GROWS COLD...

I WILL TAKE *ALL* THE PAIN AWAY.

GOODBYE MY PRINCE.

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THE MOJAVE DESERT.

SHAZAM.

KRAKOOM

SAND TURNED TO GLASS ON THAT ONE. I CAN SEE MYSELF.

SO, ANY LUCK BACK THERE?

JSA HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY.

NO *MEASURABLE* DETECTION YET.

LET ME REPOSITION THE SATELLITE FOR ANOTHER GO. STAND BY, FREDDIE.

STANDING BY, MISTER TERRIFIC.

MAYBE THE *TENTH* TIME IS THE CHARM.

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WHY ISN'T IT WORKING?

I HAVE A GEO-QUADRANT FILTER IN PLACE ALONG WITH SPECIFIC *LIGHTNING FILTERS* COUPLED WITH TANGIBLE SENSORS. THERE ARE MANY FACTORS THAT CAN IMPEDE THIS EXPERI--

MAGIC, DUMMY.

WHAT OUR RESIDENT GENIUS IS TRYING TO ARTICULATE, IS THAT MARVEL'S LIGHTNING BOLT IS MADE A' MAGIC.

TRACKING IT AIN'T GONNA BE EASY.

AND IF YOU DO RECALL, ATOM SMASHER, I DID USE THE WORDS *"SLIGHT CHANCE."*

ALL RIGHT, FREDDIE, SATELLITE'S LOCKED.

WHENEVER YOU'RE READY.

SHAZAM.

KRAKOOM

DID YOU GET A READING?

YES. FAINT, BUT *SOMETHING* DID REGISTER THIS TIME ON THE SCOPE.

I'D LIKE TO REPOSITION AT ANOTHER ALTITUDE AND SEE IF THE MAGNETIC POLE PLAYS A PART.

PLEASE PROCEED TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

HOPE HE BROUGHT HIS LONG-JOHNS.

ON MY WAY.

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DEVIATION IS NOT AN OPTION.
MY MISSION WILL CONTINUE.
MY PROMISE WILL BE KEPT.
FOCUS.
FOCUS ON THE WORD.
ARCTIC. ICE. FROZEN. MAIDEN. ABOMINABLE.
HE CANNOT CONCEAL IT FROM ME FOREVER.
IT IS THERE.
TO BE PLUCKED FROM THE ETHER--
WHAM
ARRGH
RRRR
NNNN
NO!
HER BONES!

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RRARRGH

I AM SORRY TO *INTRUDE* ON YOUR HOME, CREATURE.

BUT IT WAS NECESSARY...

RRARRGH

...AS WAS THIS.

SHRRRIP

RRARRGH

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KRARRGH

FWAM

UGNN!

WHAM

KRARRGH

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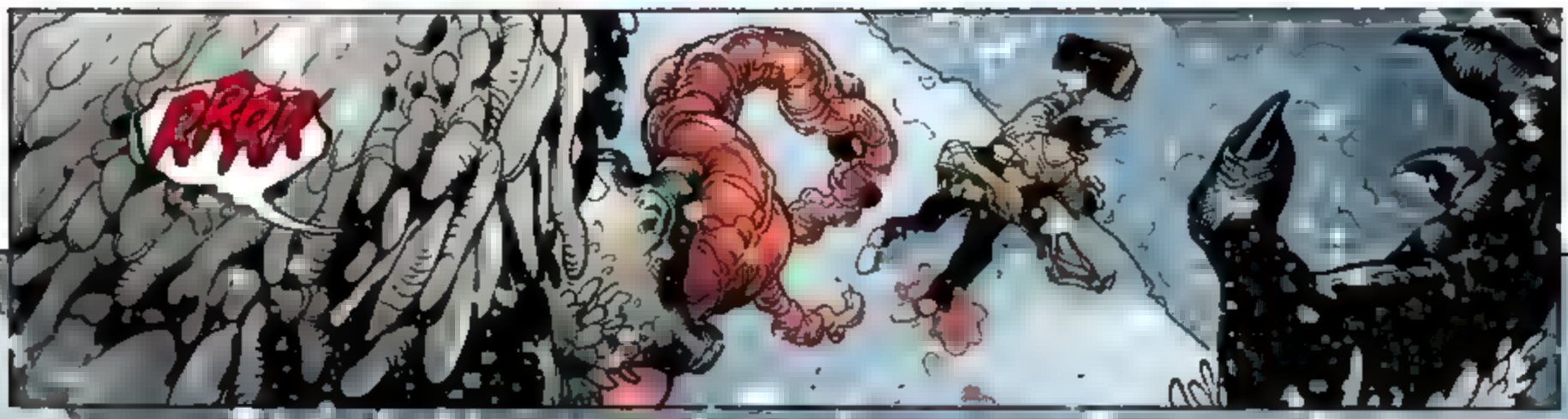

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THE BATCAVE.

THERE.

IN THE SHADOWS.

THE ROOFTOP ADJACENT TO THE *KAHNDAQI* EMBASSY HERE IN GOTHAM.

THE BARREL OF AN M-107 SNIPER RIFLE.

HE SEEMS TO BE WAITING FOR--

--SOMEONE.

HNN.

I HATE IT WHEN *HE* DOES THAT.

COME OUT, COME OUT WHEREVER YA ARE, BLACKIE...

...ONLY GOT SO MANY CHEWY GRANOLA BARS LEFT.

WHO ARE YOU AND *WHAT* ARE YOU DOING HERE?

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POK

BLAM BLAM

GAH!

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING...

SSSSSS

ARGH!

YOU'RE WELCOME.

HAPPY TO SAVE A LIFE, EVEN IF IT'S YOURS.

NOW, *DISCHARGING* A WEAPON AND PUTTING CIVILIANS IN DANGER ISN'T A WAY TO GET ON MY GOOD SIDE.

SKRUNCH

I'LL ASK AGAIN -- *WHO* ARE YOU, *WHY* ARE YOU HERE?

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I'VE GOT *NOTHING* TO SAY TO YOU OR ANYONE.

THERE'S A GOTHAM POLICE PRECINCT TEN BLOCKS AWAY.

DO WHAT YOU DO. BRING ME IN SO I CAN CALL MY LAWYER.

IF I DON'T SCARE YOU ENOUGH...

...I KNOW *SOMEONE* WHO WILL.

PICTURES OF TETH-ADAM IN YOUR POCKET. YOUR M-107 RIFLE TRAINED ON THE KAHNDAQI EMBASSY. AND YOU WERE PREPARED TO TAKE YOUR OWN LIFE TO PROTECT WHOEVER HIRED YOU.

THE BLOOD OF THOUSANDS OF *INNOCENTS* STAIN THE WORLD THANKS TO BLACK ADAM AND THE MONSTERS WHO STARTED THIS MESS.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, MY *PATIENCE* IS THIN AT BEST.

START CONNECTING THE DOTS.

NOW.

I--I HAVE RIGHTS! I HAVE THE R-RIGHT TO--

YES.

YOU HAVE THE *RIGHT* TO SCREAM AS LOUD AS YOU LIKE.

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SOMEWHERE IN THE SYRIAN DESERT.

BANISHMENT. WIZARDRY SUFFERING MYSTICISM

SOMEWHERE OVER AUSTRIA.

FLIGHT CONTROL DISASTER ASHES.

SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

FLESH MEAT CORPSE HUNGER DEATH

SOMEWHERE NEAR FENWAY PARK.

COFFEE STREET MOVIE DINER BASEBALL

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SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE RUMORS I HAVE HEARD IN THE SHADOWS SAY IT SITS BEHIND THE STONE AND MORTAR OF THESE MYSTIC WALLS.

THAT HIS HAND REACHED INTO THE DUST AND DEBRIS OF MY BURNING COUNTRY AND SPIRITED AWAY THIS SACRED OBJECT THAT RESTED AGAINST THE BROW OF MY BELOVED, SO HE COULD ADD IT TO THE SOUVENIRS THAT ADORN THE SHELVES WITHIN HIS TOWER, MAKES MY STOMACH TURN AND MY BLOOD BOIL.

SO IF IT DOES INDEED STILL EXIST-- THAT IT WAS NOT DESTROYED OR LOST IN THE DECIMATION OF MY LAND AND PEOPLE--THEN IT IS A VITAL AND CRUCIAL INGREDIENT TO AID ME IN RETURNING MY LOVE TO THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE.

THE AMULET IS HER HEART.

AND IF IT STILL BEATS, THEN I NEED IT.

THIS SHARD -- THIS SMALL PIECE OF THE ROCK OF ETERNITY --HAS BEEN WAITING FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION.

I PRAY TO ATON THAT IT HELPS REVEAL WHAT I SENSE TO BE STANDING BEFORE ME AND ALLOWS ME TO ENTER.

FATE!

WHERE ARE YOU, FATE?!?

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FATE!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IT?!

SKKK

SKKK

ISIS'S AMULET! WHERE IS--

YOU DARE MOCK ME, FATE!

SKKK

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL, WHO'S THE BLOODIEST ONE OF ALL?

FAUST!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE-- WHERE'S FATE?

THE GOOD DOCTOR IS OUT, AND THANKS TO THE PLIABLE RALPH DIBNY'S BINDING SPELL, I SEEM TO BE A GUEST IN THIS ACCURSED PLACE FOR, OH, I DON'T KNOW... ONLY FOREVER.

DIBNY?

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LET'S JUST SAY DIBNY MANAGED TO TURN THE PROVERBIAL TABLES ON NERON AND ME WHEN WE LEAST EXPECTED IT, AND LEAVE IT AT THAT.

AND HOW DID *YOU* GET IN HERE? DID FATE LEAVE A KEY UNDER THE MAT?

NONE OF YOUR CONCERN. WHERE IS NERON?

THAT BASTARD SOMEHOW MANAGED TO SLIP THROUGH THE BINDING SPELL AND LEAVE ME HERE.

AND DIBNY? HAS HE LEFT THE TOWER?

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY YES...

...AND NO.

DIBNY WAS PURE OF HEART.

I THINK I SHALL CLEAVE YOU IN TWO NOW BEFORE I CONTINUE MY SEARCH HERE.

THERE ARE *THREE* WAYS LEFT FOR ME TO GET OUT OF HERE, AND THANKS TO DIBNY DECIDING TO GO AND PLAY THE CONQUERING HERO ONE MORE TIME, THE BINDING SPELL CAN'T BE BROKEN. SO DEATH IS MY ONLY OTHER TICKET OUT...

...ALONG WITH THAT *RAREST* OF POSS.BILITIES THAT A GOD IMBUED WITH MAGIC SHOULD HAPPEN TO *CROSS* MY PATH.

I HAVE WASTED TIME ENOUGH WITH YOU ALREADY.

ENJOY FOREVER, FAUST.

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COULD YOU SEE THE HINT OF *ACCUSATION* IN HER EYES AS YOUR BLADE BROKE THE SKIN AND PIERCED HER HEART?

DOG! PREPARE TO SUFFER!

GOODBYE, MY PRINCE.

CHAAK

EXPLAIN YOURSELF.

NOW!

I'D PREFER NOT TO HANG ON THE WALL HERE LIKE SOME SELF-PORTRAIT.

YOU HAVE A MINUTE BEFORE YOUR HEAD LEAVES YOUR BODY.

THE LAND OF THE DEAD IS OPEN TO ME, AND I KNOW THAT YOU SEEK TO BRING BACK YOUR BELOVED...

...WHILE I, ON THE OTHER HAND, SEEK FREEDOM FROM THIS INFERNAL TOWER.

WHAT ARE YOU *PREPARED* TO DO, TETH-ADAM, TO REALIZE YOUR HEART'S DESIRE?

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LATER.

ARE YOU READY?

YES.

YOU MUST FIND EACH AND EVERY PIECE OF THE *AMULET*--OTHERWISE THIS IS A FOOL'S ERRAND--AND THERE WILL BE NO CHANCE IN HELL TO BRING HER BACK WITHOUT...

...*COMPLICATIONS.*

GET ON WITH IT.

I AM CLOSE TO *SIPHONING* OFF A *PERCENTAGE* OF THE RESIDUAL MAGIC WITHIN HER BONES--*NNN*--PREPARE YOURSELF...

I AM PREPARED, FOOL.

THIS...ALL COMES...WITH A COST...

...EACH TIME YOU POWER UP--TRANSFORM TO BLACK ADAM--ISIS'S BONES BECOME MORE FRAGILE--EACH CHANGE *LEECHES* THE RESIDUAL MYSTICAL PROPERTIES FROM THE BONES...

...AND WITHOUT THE PROPER AMOUNT OF *RESIDUAL POWER* LEFT IN HER BONES--THERE WILL BE NO WAY TO RESURRECT ISIS LATER.

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...ONCE THE ENERGY...CONNECTS WITH YOU...THE CIRCUIT WILL BE COMPLETE... YOU MUST SPEAK THE... AGREED-UPON... WORD...

...NOW!

KRAKOOM

ISIS.

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AND SO IT BEGINS.

TO BE CONTINUED

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DONATE